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Brand of the Sword



fight

tattoo

fantasy

212 8 19

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

With gossamer brown hair and eyes red as newly ripened apples, there was talk about the palace that fair Latis, first in line for Shura's throne, did not deserve the branding of the sword. The God's, however, often do not care about what the mortals deem to be just. The fact of the matter is, the marking ceremony found the girl with a freckled tattoo of a sheathed blade on her right hand, and that was that. Training would begin immediately.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Latis stood naked in a barren room in a scarcely used room of the castle. Flickering tongues of flame illuminated her bare, pale form. She stood still for a moment and then reached down into a pile of dresses. She took one into her hands and looked at it longingly, the pink frills, the white lace... then she tossed it into the fire. A princess might have need of such things, but an Acolyte of the Sword did not. As the dresses simmered and smoked in the fire pit, Latis again looked at the sword marked onto her wrist. /Damn this cursed thing!/ Tears welled into her eyes, and not for the first time that day.

"It isn't necessary to torture yourself like this!" The man at the door wanted to scream. But instead he kept quiet in his vigil to guard the princess. It was not the place of a mere guard to reproach a member of the royal family. He opened the door and made sure no one else entered as the princess cried. /Poor thing! the guard thought again to himself.

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Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



He kept his mouth closed when she sobbed on their way to the training grounds. He took careful note of her hands. Soft, like porcelain. He would never see them again so unscathed.

His tattoo burned under his leather gloves as he lead the princess through the halls. Two hands, holding one another close. He never knew what it meant. The Gods only gave clear signals to royalty, the ones who deserved to know.

Chapter 4 by Phantim



Gerund, the guard, suddenly stopped and pressed his hand against the princess' chest holding her back. He felt the budding bosom of the girl even through his gloves. He hardly noticed though. The hallway they had entered was quiet, too quiet. *There should be guards here... people in the adjoining rooms should be making noise.* A chill ran up his back and the guard knew something was wrong.

"Hold fast, Princess Latis. Something is amiss here."

But before the princess could reply, there was a sudden flash of movement...

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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